The Greatest Scheme of the Age.

This evening your correspondent inspected articles of agreement, which had just arrived by mail, and were drawn up between the Prospect Park Asseintion, of Niagara Falls, Niagara County, N. Y., of the first part, and Leonard Henkle, inventor, of Rochester, N. Y., of the second part, stipulating that for a consideration of \$1,000,000, the party of the second part, a dred to Prospect Park, its nime acres of land and three acres outside, in the village of Niagara Falls. That this important contract might be thoroughly understood, your correspondent interviewed Colonel Hendle, the local inventor, this evening.

"I have about consummated," said he, "the biggest electric-light project ever dreamed of. When a New York paper a few days since queted a gentleman as saying he believed all New York would set be lighted and heated by electricity brought through cables from the power that generated it, at the greatest cataract in the world, it only hinted at half what I, through a large company of capitalists, propose to accomplish in that

half what I, through a large company of capitalists, propose to accomplish in that very direction. This million-dollar contract I hold in my hand is only the be ginning of the great things that this prospect will yet develop. I have can-vassed among leading capitalists of New York. Boston, and other large cities, and found them ready to agree, after taking mere hints of the nature of my new electric-light inventions, that just as soon as I could secure right and title to the water-power of Niagara, or any thing co-equal, they stood ready to com-bine and push the inventions to a prac-lical set if it test \$30,000,000 to do it tical test if it took \$30,000,000 to do it.
"I would be foolish to describe to you

in any way the exact nature of these inwentions until my project is more prac-tically perfected, as I hope to see it in a very few weeks, certainly before autumn. But I will say this, that this land contract contemplates the execution of a deed in fee simple controlling the water power of the entire American falls at Niagara, some 2,000,000 horse water power altogether. When I first ap-proached one of the prominent officials connecting with an existing Electric Light Company and broached the subject to him, he pooh-poohed and said;
O, you poor fool, you never can get possession of Niagara or the right to its gigantic water power. Why, the Gov-ernment itself has been trying to buy the American side for a public park, but couldn't do it. We admit your scheme might work if you could only get sufficient power to work it, but Niagara isn't

cient power to work it, but Niagara isn't to be so easily had.'

"That electrician," continued Henkle, "has already turned out to be a false prophet. You see, here I hold a title incontrovertible. The purchase of Prospect Park for \$1,000,000 would almost pay even if Niagara could not be utilized with it. In 1871 the receipts of the Park Association were over \$12,000. Park Association were over \$12,000. Last year they amounted to upward of \$33,000. You see we want that park, and I start for New York just before midnight to see the promising capitalists there to-morrow and next day.

"The capital stock of the company when organized will be about \$20,000.-000. Enormous buildings and ponderance machinery will be constructed on the brink of the American falls, and to these buildings there will be an immense race way coming from the rapids, a short distance above the falls. We can have water sufficient for 2,000,000 horsepower there upon the money conditions named, and the further condition that the water be returned to the river with-

"I decline to describe one process of generaling electricity by this unlimited hydraulic force, but can simply say we will conduct that electricity through properly insulated cases underground to exty-five prominent American cities and towns between Boston and Chicago. Just as good and forcible an electric current can be conducted 500 miles by my pro-cess as can be utilized within an area of We also contemplate domestic light attachments to the main cables, and will just as surely be able to transmit limited electric power for operating machinery and for heating purposes ulti-

"There will be about 10,000 miles of cables altogether, with corresponding machinery for inductral purposes. This contract, looking toward the perfection of my project, was, as you see, executed recently at the falls. Do you wonder I said it was a big scheme? Do you see the agreement as to how the \$1,000,000 consideration is to be paid? The United States Government these States Government three per cents have been pledged to forward this undertak-ing. That's why they are named in the

Colonei Henkle at this point left to get ready for the New York train, and bade the correspondent a hasty "Good night." He is a highly-skilled mechanic, has pat-ented several very valuable inventions, and has been working with the electric light almost as long as Edison.—Roches-ter (N. Y.) Special to Cincinnati En-

The Gopher and Prairie Squirrel.

The fact is, the gophers and ground squirrels belong to different and widely separated genera, and there is nothing in common between them. The gopher is an underground worker, like the mole, and is seldom seen abroad in the daylight. and is ecidom seen abroad in the daylight. It is moreover a vegeterian, living for the most part upon the roots which it finds in its underground travels—though it no doubt takes in such grubs, worms other like "small deer" as may come in its way. In unsettled prairie regions its principal diet, no doubt, consists of the roots of the native grasses and weeds. roots of the native grasses and weeds, being especially fond of the tubers of the wild artichoke. Where it burrows the wild artichoke. Where it burrows in cultivated fields it makes sad havoc in cultivated fields it makes sad havoc with the tame grasses and clover, not only by devouring the roots, but by throwing up large heaps of dirt which cover large spaces and smother out the vegetation. Then they dig their passageway so near the top of the ground that a horse or cow, and often a man, will break through. The result of this is that they are capable of doing great damage to our meadows. They are also very destructive in an orchard, as they frequently devour all the roots of an apple tree, and one never knows what apple tree, and one never knows what they are doing until the tree begins to lean to one side, and is about ready to lean to one side, and is about ready to opinion that surgical instrument makers should refuse to sell the requisite appachoice trees, just ready to come into bearing, from the wicked work of these men should forbid their use."

They sometimes desired possesses in the hills, but this to no very serious exthe hills, but this to no very serious extent. Again they burrow up under a shock of wheat, oats or corn, and if it is left standing for some time will completely ruin it. Their favorite means of locemotion seems to be to die their way through the ground, which they so with great rapidity. If they bouse to a lard road but they sig right through it, often pilling up their heaps of dirt in the wagon tracks. If a gopher is caught fast by one of his fore feet in a steel trap, and is left to himself, he will dig a hole in the ground with the other foot and disapground with the other foot and disap-pear, trap and all, in a very few min-utes. The strength in their powerful fore-paws, jaws and shoulders is marvel-ous. Captured, they are always ready for a fight, and they are espable of bit-

ing very savagely.

This animal is called the pouched rat, or pocket gopher, from the fact that he has on each side of his face a very curious pouch or pocket, extending backward or downward, nearly or quite to the shoul-der. In these little haversacks they sometimes carry their food—though many people believe they convey the dirt in them which they remove from their holes. On two occasions we have found green grass in these pockets, so we do not accept the other idea. They do not accept the other idea. They doubtless go out and gather green food in the night, though in rare instances we have seen one abroad in daylight, but this is very unusual. Less is probably known to the naturalists concerning the diffe-history of the pouched goober than any other of our mammals—for the reasons that they live an application. sons that they live so exclusively under ground and are so difficult to capture and keep in captivity. Few naturalists—in fact we know of none—have ever seen a baby gopher. Little if anything is known of their habits in winter. They are said to have, down in the numerous winding and most intricate labyrinths of their and most intricate labyrinths of their burrows, lying-in hospitals, granaries, or storehouses, sleeping apartments, and water-closets. We are prepared to be-lieve all this—for they are neat, sleek, handsome, well-fed, sharp, alert, know-ing animals, and in building their homes would not be apt to omit any of the modern improvements, or forget any in-herited experiences of their ancestors. In fact, one our of near neighbors in plowing through a gopher mound turned up to the light one day a half a bushel or more of the tubers of the wild artichoke and we have heard of other instances —so that the granary question may be regarded as settled. Some day the ther matters may be successfully inves-

The true pouched gopher (Geomysbursarius) we would destroy outright if possible, for no good can be credited up to them, and they do a vast deal of damage. We have tried shooting and trapping them with varying success, but some of the old chars seem to the too some of the old chaps seem to "be too sharp for anything" in these directions. sharp for anything" in these directions. There is one means, however, which seems to be perfectly sure, and that is poison. These animals are very fond of sweet potatoes. Our plan is to cut a sweet potato into small pieces, and into these make small holes in which we put a little strychnine. By digging down between the little heaps of dirt which they throw up, one can readily find their they throw up, one can readily find their galleries and underground roads. The poisoned roots are placed in these ways and the holes filled up. When this is well done you will seldom be troubled any more by these mischievous rodents, and a gopher town will become a "silent city." -Mr. Aldrich, in Iowa Homestead.

A Monument to Longfellow.

An Eastern paper says: "The friends of Mr. Longfellow are not slow in devising an adequate and suitable memorial. The poet had great fondness for the clear and the clear blue water of the Charles River, and to keep his view of the Charles unbroken purchased many years ago the strip of land which gave him an unob-structed range from behind the lilacs in bank of the river on the Cambridge side. It pleased his poetical instinct and was a notable feature of his home. It is now proposed that this open field shall be purchased at the expense of donors to a Longfellow memorial fund, and converted into a garden property, in the center of which a statue of the poet shall be placed as the local tribute of affection for his name and of gratitude for his work This will retain the association of Mr. Longfellow's presence with the fine old historical mansion in which he , and the plan is understood to m with the sympathy and approval of the poet's friends and family. It is pro-posed to raise \$100,000 for this object, and to give young and old who have profited by Longfellow's poems, or to nave been drawn to him in any way, an opportunity of sharing in the tions necessary to the execution of the plan. The officers and committees are not yet announced, but the movement has been so generally approved by those who knew Longfellow best, and touches so tender a sentiment in the young life of the country, that the arrangements for subscriptions will soon be completed, and those most interested in it are quit sure of a hearty response from all English-speaking people. The plan was English-speaking people. The plan was first suggested by Mr. Arthur Gilman, of Cambridge, a few days after Mr. Longfellow's death, and met with instant recognition and approval.

Tue Use of Morphia.

"A recent painful case of death caus "A recent painful case of death caused by hypodermic injection of morphia," says the London Laucet, directs attention afresh to the dangers of resorting to this most perileus mode of administering drugs designed to relieve pain. The public should be warned against the practice of employing remedies hypodermically. So formidable a "remedy should on no account be used except under medical advice, and, when deemed necessary, it ought to be given by practitioners. We have repeatedly urged the profession to discountenance the recourse to injections under the skin, which is becoming general. It is a pracwhich is becoming general. It is a prac-tice of extreme hazard, and we are of

—It is proposed in Portland, Me., to give the children in the public schools a longer summer vacation than they have hitherto enjoyed. Three months is the period fixed upon.

—An association has been formed at Dusseldorf, in Rhenish, Prussia, which has for its objects the dimunition of the number of school hours and the introduction of English outdoor games.

The average moome of the clergy of the Scottish Episcopal Church is \$1,045. Besides this, the parsonages are considered to be worth \$100 a year. The average salary of the bishops is \$3,280. The total membership of the Church is 67,483, an average of 334 to each congregation.—N. Y. Independent.

-The Methodist missionaries in North India say that there are signs of a break-ing loose of the Chumare (a low caste of whom there are 500,000 in the district) from their heathenism to become Christ-ians. Many of their chief men have accepted the gospel, "and multitudes in the caste are talking of the religion, and many do not hesitate to say that they are soon to become Christians.

-Professor Wells, of the Rochester (N. Y.) Free Academy, has a practical way of teaching civil government. Reg-ular caucuses are held among the stu-dents, at which delegates are chosen to State and National conventions. Nomi-nations are made and elections are held. In short, the details of government are practically exhibited.—N. Y. Post.

-Dr. E. L. Magoon, the distinguished Baptist preacher of Philadelphia, is giv-ing valuable literature and art collections to various institutions of learning. To the Universary of Rochester he has given a series of eighty-five large historical pictures, representing the most famous medieval buildings in England, France, Belgium and Germany. They are proof engravings, published in 1854, and elaborately colored by hand by able water-color artists.—Chicago Journal.

-At a late meeting of the Board of —At a late meeting of the Board of Education of Minneapolis, Minn., In-spector Oppenheim made a report on the free text-book system, in which he heartily indorsed it, citing New York, Newark and Philadelphia as favorable examples of the working of the system. In New York the annual cost per pupil for free text books is \$1.07; in Philadelphia eighty-five cents, and in Newark sixty-two cents. He believes that the introduction of the system in Minneapo-lis and St. Paul would mark a step for-ward in education.—Denver Tribune.

—A missionary village has been started as an experiment near Zaffermal, India. The converts have built for themselves comfortable little houses. They culti-vate small farms or patches of ground in the neighborhood, in various ways earn their livelihood, and are living in tolerable comfort. They have their own schools, and in these are children and old men and women—fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers—all acquiring together the simplest elements of education. - N. Y. Sun.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-Like a good fireman the stove-pipe elbows its way where smoke and fire prevail.

-People who marry are not neces sarily insane; but people who fail to marry have insane ideas on the subject, that's certain.

—The real name of Blanche Douglas, indicted with the Malley boys for the murder of Jennie Cramer, at New Haven, is Bridget Annie Kearns.—Detroit

-An advertiser offers to send an article "free by mail on receipt of one dollar." Such a generous individual would probably give a brick house away for nothing on the payment of four thousand dollars.—Detroit Post.

-"Im no sectarists " said Joh Shottle as he grew warm in religious argument.
"I believe every man ought to be a strict
Presbyterian," and then he looked front of the Craigie House down to the around in wonder as an audible smile wafted into the evening air .- New Haven Register.

-Remarks on dress:-"Papa, nice to make remarks about people's dress?" "Why certainly not, darling; what did you ask that for?" "Nothing, papa, only mamma said my dress was awfully shabby, and wondering why papa hadn't noticed it long ago."

-When Secretary Folger "calls" for thirty million dollars, he must hold a pretty "flush hand." (The foregoing reached this office on a postal card, and it is all Greek to us. It is probably a quotation from a work on Finance.

—A maiden lady-kye.

—A maiden lady said to her little nephew: "Now, Johnny, you go to bed early, and always do so, and you'll be rosy-cheeked and handsome when you grow up." Johnny thought over this a few minutes and then observed: "Well, aunty, you must have sat up a good deal when you were young.—Denver Trib-

-A newly arrived immigrant, who was before a New York magistrate for drunkenness, said he has been in the country only forty-eight hours. "What," said the magistrate, "only forty-eight hours in the country and found drunk in the streets. the streets. Six months for getting Americanized so quickly?"—Detroit Free Press.

-Magistrate: "You assert the -Magistrate: "You assert that you each have an occupation. State them." First vagrant: "I am a renovator of second-hand toothpicks, your Honor." Second vagrant: "And I am engaged in the business of smoking glass for the observation of eclipses, which in some measure accounts for my frequent period of prolonged leisure."

-The Descret Home selects its mirth from London Punch, and is therefore well supplied with a class of kiln-dried well supplied with a class of kiln-dried humor which stands our rigid mountain climate and never season cracks or checks or scales off in handling. You take a joke from the London Funch and stand joke from the London Punch and stand it up against a house for years without loss. It is just as good and fresh when you open the can in fifty years from now as when it was first put up. Then the simplicity of the Punch joke endears it to every household. With the directions that go with each one a child can manage it. It is perfectly decile and never does any harm.—Larannie Boomerang.

Aor Boung Beadeys.

"WHEN PM A MAN."

I'm a boy bout as high as a table;
My hair is the color of flax;
My name isn't Shakespears, or Minist
Or Byron, or Sheller, or Saxe.
By-and-by it will be "Mr. Daniel."
They all call me now "Little Dan;
I'll tell you in rhyme what I fancy
Will happen when I am a man.

Fil have a big garden for peaches,
And cherries, and everything most
with the cutest of fixings for rabbits,
And pigeons, and dogs, and white m
Fil have a big house, and a stable:
And of horses the handsomest span
That every fou feasted your eyes on,
This likely, when I am a mail.

A cane I will twirl in my fingers,
A watch-guard shall garnish my vest.
No fear of expense shall deter me,
My raiment shall be of the best.
A ring on my finger shall glisten,
And the cunningest, sleek black And the cunningest, sleek bisc hall trot at my beels as I travel, I'm thinking, when I am a man.

I'm tainking, will I swallow, No poisonous drinks will I swallow, From foot smelling pipes I'll be free My nose wasn't made for a chimney. No snuffing or chewing for me. Now my soul I'll possess with great patie And as well as a little boy can

I will set them a better example: Won't I lecture them when I'm a man I'm a boy, so there's no use in talking:
People snub me as much as they plea
For the toes of my shoes are ot copper,
And my stockings comeover my knee
I've told you the whole of my story,
As I promised to when I began;
I'm young, but I'm dally a-growing,
Look out for me when I'm a man.

—John S. Advans, in Youth's Companion

KITTY AND JOHNNY'S TROUBLE.

BY KITTY WHITE.

My brother Johnny says he would do for a first-class bumble-bee; he's as hot all over as if he had forty stings. We've been talking through the stove-hole to comfort each other. This hole is in the wall at the side of my bed; so, if I put a chair on the bed, and then climb up and stand on tiptoe, I can see into Johnwis more and were head the standard of the standa ny's room, and we can have a good talk. We're in trouble; and this is how it happened:

One day last week our teacher read us a story about a good little girl who had a sick father; and he was going to starve to death 'cause he hadn't any money to to death 'cause he hadn't any money to buy oranges; and everything had gone wrong inside. Well, the good little girl heard that a dentist wanted some teeth, and would pay well for them. (I don't see why he should pay money for teeth, when he could have his own for noth-ing). The little girl had fine teeth, so she went to the dentist and asked him to take some out and nay her the money to take some out and pay her the money they were worth, for her poor father. Then the dentist made her tell him all about her father; and he wouldn't take the teeth, but he gave her the money all the same, and went to see her father. and got a doctor for him, so he didn't die It was a beautiful story, and made me cry. Johnny said it wasn't anything to cry about; stories like that were for examples, and when we had a chance

we must just go and do likewise.

Well, this morning, when father was putting on his overcoat, Johnny and I asked him for a penny. And father, he said we were always wanting pennies, and he wasn't made of money; and then he went out then he went out.

Sister Em began to cry, 'cause father said she couldn't have a new dress this Easter. Everything was going wrong, and he didn't know what would become of him, and he was sick of everything.

Johnny and I didn't cry; we only looked at each other.

While we were going to school, John-ny said this was our chance. Now we could do like the good little girl, and be a support to our parents. Dentists al-ways wanted teeth, and we'd go to the dentist right away after school, and

have it over.
"And then," says Johnny, "if we've made five dollars for father, perhaps he'll give us our penny, 'cause it'll be such a pleasant surprise to him."

We couldn't hardly wait for school to

be out. I got a black mark in arithmetic, 'cause when Miss Stevens asked me if you had an apple, and if Samuel Smith ate it up, what had you left? I said: "Your teeth."

came to a dentist's, and we went in. and asked him if he wanted some teeth. And he said: "Why? Did we want to lose some?" And we told him, "Yes." We thought he would sit down and

ask us all about it, just as the dentist did with the good little girl; but he only said: "Let's look at 'em."

Then he made Johnny climb up in the high chair, and tip his head back; and then he said: "You want these two out that crowd the rest." Then he put an iron thing into Johnny's mouth, and pulled out one tooth, and then he pulled another. And he said Johnny was a brave boy 'cause he didn't holloa.

I asked Johnny if it hurt, and he said:
"Not much, and don't you disgrace the

"Now, my little lady," says the dentist, "get into the chair, and I'll be as gentle as I can." So he helped me up, and tipped back my head, and

"Your teeth are crowded just like your brother's," says he; and then he

begins to pull.

My, how it hurt! And didn't I make a noise! I thought my head was coming off. But it was over in a minute, and the dentist told Johnny not to laugh at me, 'cause my teeth came harder than his did. When our teeth were out, we thought

the dentist would pay us. He asked us whose little boy and girl we were, and where we lived, and said this was pleasant weather for little folks. After a while he said: "It's four dol

lars."
We thought he had four dollars for
us, and held out our hands, but he
didn't give us anything. Instead of
that, he said: "Haven't you got any

money?"

Then Johnny explained to him that we thought he would pay us for our teeth, so that we could help our poor father.

The dentist began to laugh, and said he didn't pay for teeth; but he would give us a letter that would make it all ight.
So he wrote a letter, and sealed it

and told Johany to be sure to give it to father. He kept laughing all the time he was writing it, and we thought he was the pleasantest man in the world.

roast heaf was too brown, and father said: "There never could be a piece of beef done right in this house, and Mrs. White, my dear! If you could only have a carving knife that would cut! I felieve your soil uses the carving knife for a jackknife."

We felt so sorry for poor father that we thought we'd give him his surprise then, so he'd feet better. Johny took out the letter and gave it to him. He sits next to father, and I sit next to Johny. Father took the letter, and

"What's this, sir ""
And Johnny said: "Read it, dear Pa,

And Johnny said: "Read it, dear Pa, and see."

Then father read it, and wrinkled his forelead all up, and we thought he was going to burst into tears, like the sick man did when the good little girl brought him the oranges. But he didn't burst into tears. He threw the paper across the table, and said:

"What's this, Mrs. White? Have you been running me into debt, after what I told you this morning?"

And mother said: "Tim sure I don't know what you mean, dear." Then she read the letter, and called us naughty children, and "how dare you go and have sound teeth out without my consent?"

my consent?"

And father said that "what we had done was catamount to robbery; going and getting him into debt of our own accord; and you may go to your rooms and think about it till your mother and

We've been in our rooms ever since, and both father and mother said they were under the n'cessity of—

Well, Johnny says a switch is the worst, but he doesn't know anything about a slipper. Anyhow, it's over for this time.—Ada Neyl, in St. Nicholas.

Why the Clock Stopped.

Two newly-married swallows, with the important business of building a nest on their minds, stopped to rest one morning on the hands of a great church clock in the town of Newark, New Jersey. Presently they noticed a little hole on its face just large enough for a swal-low to enter. They looked in, and saw a lovely place for a nest among a collec-tion of wheels that seemed perfectly

quiet.

There is a great difference, you must know, in the movement of the wheels of the great clocks. Some turn swiftly, while the larger ones move so slowly that, unless they are watched for a long time, they seem to be standing still.

The swallows thought it would be delicious to live in the clock. No boys

could disturb them, and unless some one should invent a new kind of flying cat they would never have any unwelcome and dangerous visitors. So they began to build. They carried hay and grass and cotton into the clock, and by night their nest was half finished. They slept in a neighboring tree, and in the morn-ing flew back with fresh building mateing flew back with fresh building materials. Something very strange had happened. The nest that they had partly built had nearly disappeared. They had to begin again. All that day they worked hard. The next morning they found that the same cruel trick had been played on them. They now became very indiguant, and that night they perched on the hands of the clock, so as to be near in case any one should try to to be near in case any one should try to destroy their nest. In the course of the night the hands of the clock turned around and tumbled them off, but in the around and tumbled them off, but in the morning they saw that their nest had only been slightly disturbed. They repaired the damage, finished their work, and moved in that night.

For two days they were very happy, but on the third day a man climbed into the towar to see why the clock had

but on the third day a man climbed into the tower to see why the clock had stopped. He found nearly a peck of straw and grass and cotton that had been drawn by the wheels into the in-most recesses of the clock, and had finally so clogged the wheels that they could move no more. Then he found the nest that the swallows had made, and threw it away, and stopped up the

After school we walked about till we ame to a dentist's, and we went in, and asked him if he wanted some teeth.

And so it happened that the swallows had to go and build a nest under the eaves after all.—Harper's Young People.

Good Advice.

Other people may find the advice of Daniel Webster to his grandson of value for themselves. He wrote it about four

years before his death:
"Two or three things I wish now to impress on your mind. First, you can-not learn without your own efforts. All not learn without your own efforts. All the teachers in the world can never make a scholar of you, if you do not apply yourself with all your might. In the second place, be of good character and good behavior—a boy of strict truth and honor and conscience in all things. Have but one rule, and let that things. Have but one rule, and let that be always to act right and fear nothing —but wrong doing. Finally: 'Remember your Creator in the days of your youth.' You are old enough to know that God has made you and given you a mind and faculties, and will surely call you to account. Honor and obey your parents, love your sister and brother, be gentle and kind to all, avoid paevishness and fretfulness be patient. peevishness and fretfulness, be patient under restraint. Look forward constantly to your approaching manhood and put off every day, more and more all that is frivolous and childish."

The "Pather of the Orphans."

A remarkable character, who public recognition for the good work he has accomplished during his life, has recently died in Vienna, His name was Ferdinand Reidt, but he was better known as the "Father of the Orphana." He was a man of means and happil-married, but he and his wife were child less, and so they agreed to make the fatherless and motherless their special fatherless and motherless their special care in life. He began nearly fifty years ago by taking fatherly charge of two or three exphans, but his good work assumed such propertions that at the time of his death he was the legal guardian of more than a thousand children. He kept conscientious watch and ward over these adopted ones during their early education and their youth, until their marriage, or their start in adult life. He was unassuming and modest, and never claimed credit for his noble work. —Christian Union.

was the pleasantest man in the word.

When we got home, Johnny said we'd better wait till after dinner to give father his pleasant surprise. And at first I was glad we'd waited, for the lor \$5.—Courier-Journal. White BARNAR AJO

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